

GRADUATION VOICE SPARK

(suicide note)

In Kindergarten we ran screaming out of there because you and I hated everybody who wasn't us, didn't we, and we didn't want to stay away from Mommy who went somewhere else when we had to stay in the church basement. It always smelled like some kind of Play-doh and the milk. The radiator made all kinds of terrible noises. We had cubby holes and pillows. Put your heads down on the desk and close your eyes and nap but we never did, we kept our eyes open in the dark and looked at all the other small boys and girls and saw how funny they looked, and dead, like their flesh was glowing in the dark. We rubbed our eyes and saw sparks.

In first grade the teacher had a red red face and looked like Punch and Judy and didn't know we didn't know what the word smirk meant. "Stop Smirking" she said and we didn't know so we were confused and smiled and got into loads of trouble as if we caused a star to fall down from the sky onto someone's vegetable garden. SMIRK; smile smugly or affectedly. We liked to draw monsters on the desk and get into trouble and write swear words and disguise them so they looked like drawings and get bloody noses and scare the girls and get blood on them and get sent to the office and put our head down on the desk, you are punished and cannot go out for recess with the other children and cry in the dark with our head on the pillow. And at night you and I would hear music from the corners of the room coming from nowhere and our heart beat was inside of us and every beat was the dead man walking towards our room and you couldn't stop him or you and I would lose our heart beat and we would stop living and have to put our heads on the pillow in the dark and cry.

And everything stank like puke and sawdust, somebody every day was throwing up and the janitor would always come and you felt bad for him but you were glad that you didn't have to clean it, and we would see the throw up person not there and the janitor would come in always afterwards and put fresh sawdust on the throw up and it would stink and the teacher's nose would get wrinkles and we would move from that part of the room to get away from the throw up because it might bite us.

We would get bloody noses and imagine that we were a werewolf especially when the teacher would scream at us and make us fall out of our seat and cry in front of all of our friends. We would talk to ourself and not ever play games with the others because we weren't good enough and nobody wanted us on their team and we were always picked last.

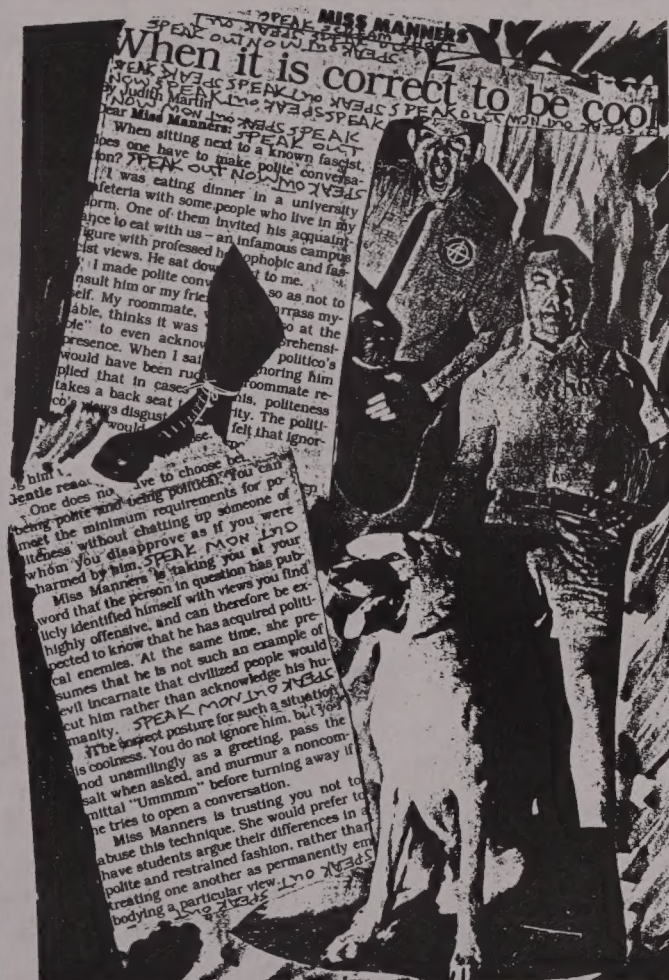
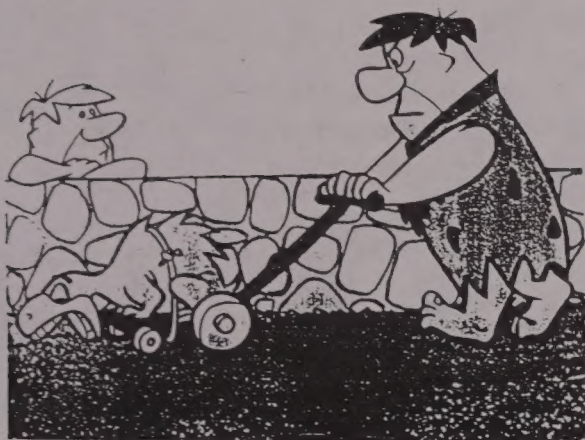
In fifth grade we wanted to be in A Christmas Carol play but we didn't tell anybody and felt real bad



clockwise from bottom
left: "Smile the Whole
Time", "Its Head is Its
Body", and "By Choice
or By Habit".

Three video tapes made
between 1987-88, by
Candace Holman '89
SIM/Video

I can't believe I forgot to get
something together for the yearbook issue.
RICH PONTIUS



KATIE REDMOND

MATT HARLE:
CONGRADULATIONS.
From, Me...D.

This was going to look like
me but it doesn't except
for the hair kind of

WELCOME TO THE GRADUATION ISSUE!

WE ASSUME THERE ARE MORE THAN THESE EIGHT GRADUATING, BUT WE DIDN'T GET CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THEM. OH WELL. TAKE IT EASY, DON'T GET STUCK IN A SHITTY CAREER, HAVE A GOOD LIFE, ETC. SEE YA IN HELL.

Tim

heaven on earth

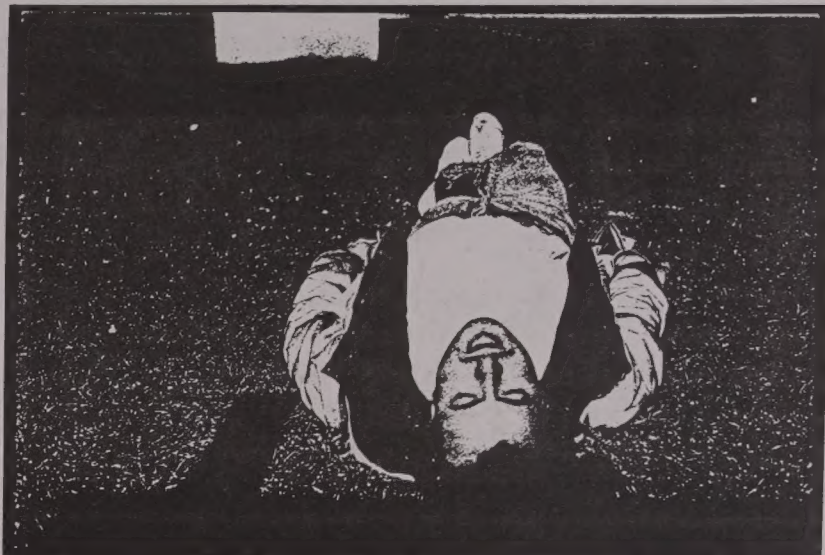
heaven. slices the tips of skyscraper sunset, dark alleys & big cereal boxes

heaven. shards glisten below, feet bloodied, child

heaven. shoots acid rain through its silencer throwing up on your tan-booth ass

heaven. some urban deluxe a fantastic ritual, come again...

TJ Norris/1989.



Joseph H. Shepard
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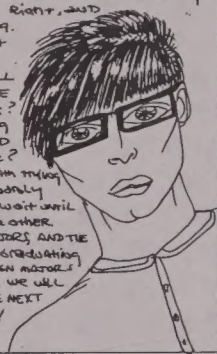
CHRISTINE HIGGINS

20 Gedick Rd.
Chris

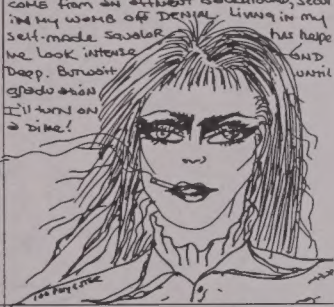
Memories: Newfound Lake '82, wooing, [redacted] CA '80, cruising, 7 [redacted] Ex. W1, Spring, [redacted] Dylan, Elvis Costello, movies, The Toad [redacted] Rab, Dawn's and Frank's CA. [redacted] long talks with [redacted]

FS Do you know what I mean? PP [redacted] people, having to be on [redacted] SD [redacted] FA To always keep an open [redacted]

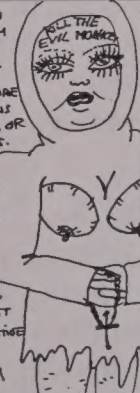
AS A DESIGN MAJOR, MY APPEARANCE IS OF UPMOST IMPORTANCE. HAVE YOU NOTICED MY UNTIDY CLOTHES? OR MY OVERBULGING FASHION FRAMES? I READ ALL THE BEST MAGAZINES AND I KNOW WHAT GOES ON, WHAT IS RIGHT, AND WHAT IS WRONG. WHAT I DON'T KNOW IS... WHAT THE HELL IS IT WITH THESE OTHER STUDENTS? WHAT'S GOING ON WITH H.T.V. AND SPY MAGAZINE? WHAT'S GOING WITH TRYING TO LOOK FASHIONABLY CORRECT? JUST WAIT UNTIL MYSELF AND THE OTHER 312 DESIGN MAJORS AND THE OTHER 16,514 GRADUATING NATHANIEL DESIGN MAJORS BECOME FAMOUS. WE WILL BE DECIDING THE NEXT LOOK FOR YOU! DAMNIT!



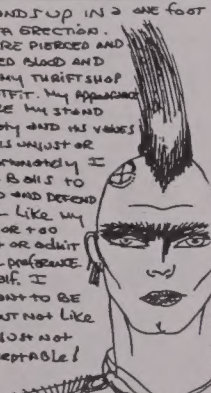
FOR FOUR YEARS I'VE HAD THIS "HIP - POVERTY" LOOK. MY CLOTHES LOOK LIKE THEY HAVE BEEN ROLLED UP IN A BOY UNDER MY BED SINCE 1974, WHILE WEARING OLD FRANK GOWNS AND LONG JEANS COVERED IN DOG HAIR. I SMOKED THE WEALTHY, PUSHING SOCIALIST VALUES. I'VE CLAIMED CANNIBALISM FOR HONEST YUPPIE LIFESTYLES. WHEN SOMEBODY I COME FROM AN AFFLUENT BACKGROUND, SEEN IN MY WORLD OFF DENIAL. LIVING IN MY SELF-MADE SQUALOR. HE LOOK INTENSE. I'LL TURN ON A DIME!



MY LABIA LIPS HAVE BEEN TATTOOED WITH QUOTES FROM GIM JONES. THE HAIR ON MY LEFT SIDE OF MY HEAD HAS BEEN TRANSPLANTED FROM A YACK. MY WARDROBE IS MADE FROM MONKEY SKINS FROM ANIMAL TESTING LABS, OR FROM ANIMAL ROAD KILLS. I'VE GONE FROM A BLM MAJOR DANCING NAKED WHILE VASTURATING CHICKENS TO A PHOTOGRAPHY MAJOR USING THE BOWEL MOVEMENTS OF THE HOMELESS AS MY MAIN SUBJECT, TO A SCULPTURE MAJOR USING ONLY HOSPITAL INFECTIONS MATERIALS, TO ADMITTING PRIVATELY TO MYSELF THAT I HAVEN'T A SINGLE CREATIVE PROTON IN MY ENTIRE CONCEPTUAL PROTON IN ANY CAPACITY WHATSOEVER.



MY HAIR STANDS UP IN A ONE FOOT TALL HAGSTRA ERECTION. MY EYELIDS ARE PIERCED AND TATTOOED. DRIED BLOOD AND VOMIT ADORN MY THRIFT SHOP PSYCHOPATH OUTFIT. MY APPEARANCE IS TO SYMBOLIZE MY STAND AGAINST SOCIETY AND HIS VALUES AND ALL THAT IS UNJUST OR UNFAIR. UNFORTUNATELY I DON'T HAVE THE BALLS TO TAKE A STAND AND DEFEND SOMETHING REAL LIKE MY HOMOSEXUALITY, OR TOO EVEN ACCEPT IT OR ADMIT MY OWN SEXUAL PREFERENCE. EVEN TO MYSELF. I MEAN... I WANT TO BE DIFFERENT... BUT NOT LIKE THAT. THAT'S JUST NOT SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE!



Chris Corcoran insists that this is "Just a JOKE!" and is not meant to represent anyone in particular.

because the pretty girl was in the play and we didn't tell a soul about it but the teacher knew we wanted to be in it and before it was too late put us in and we were happy but the pretty girl moved away.

In sixth grade we sat in the corner for the entire sixth grade and weren't allowed in the normal rows of the class because we didn't do our word searches in time. Fucking asshole stuck us in the fucking corner and we hate him.

Then we went to JR. HIGH school and our best friend died and we just sat and stared at all the teachers' faces who didn't know all the bad feelings which happened to us because we only stared and did drawings and painted in art class and didn't want to talk to nobody and we broke our leg and just doodled all day long in our text books and on homework sheets.

We met a lovely girl who we didn't like because she was the owner of a spooky skeleton and she kissed us in the woods and we held her and got our stomachs all sweaty and she smelled like a girl and we were just 14 or 15 and our first date was on Halloween and we took LSD for the second time and our skin was all funny and her skeleton came out of her flesh and her eyes looked like rodents running and we couldn't dare touch her anywhere inside because we were frightened. We didn't until the third girl who seduced us and stank like leather and got our prick all hard and she had big beautiful breasts like in a dirty magazine and we stuck our dink in and shot hot gobs of stuff inside of her entrance and then we went pee in the closet.

In High School we kept out of the Gym which smelt funny like under arm stink and people yelling at me who were adults and it was near the lunch room and we stayed away from both and set up behind the Art class and we painted all the time and avoided everything else because it made everything go by fast and then it would be time to go home and we would meet our friends and smoke and drink and run from the policemen who were always after us but it was fun just like playing in the sandbox was fun when we were littler and broke windows with rocks or rang door bells. We painted every day because everything went faster.

We fell in love and then we cried and then we put our head down on the pillow because we had lost something important and it could never be found again because it was gone forever. We sat in with our head on the pillow in the dark, with our wet eyes wide and seeing the sparks.

Our shiny white skeletons danced in the sun on graduation day, showing everybody our teeth as we dug into the earth with our hands. goodbye.